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3 of 3

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

HAUNT OF HORROR



**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

WELCOME BACK,
HORROR HOUNDS! IF WE
DIDN'T SCARE YOU TO DEATH LAST
TIME, MAYBE THIS ISSUE'S SELECTION
OF PUTRID PICTURES AND PROSE WILL GIVE
YOU A BLEEDING-HEART ATTACK! YEP, YOUR
SENTIMENTAL UNCLE DEADGAR HAS
PREPARED TERRIBLE TALES DEVOTED TO
THE MOST REVOLTING OF FOUR-LETTER
WORDS: LOVE. TRY NOT TO PUKE
ON YOUR POLYBAG!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S HAUNT OF HORROR

The Dead Poe Society
PRESENTS:

Izrafel The Happiest Day & Berenice

BY RICHARD CORBEN
ART, GRAYTONES, COVER ART

RICH MARGOPOULOS
PLOT & SCRIPT

EDGAR ALLAN POE
INSPIRATION

WITH VC'S GENT LETTERS
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JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
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SPECIAL THANKS DAVID GABRIEL

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IZRAFAEL

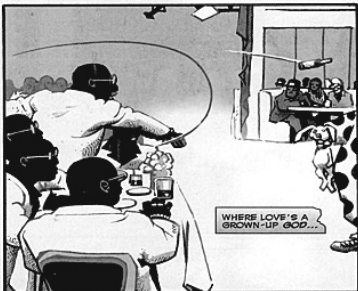
KREDITZ:

WORDS BY EDGAR ALLAN "PO' BOY" POE
PICTURES BY RICH "KRAZ KRAVONZ" CORBEN

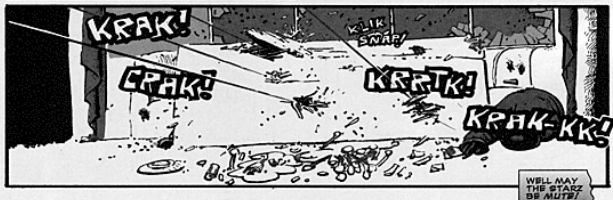
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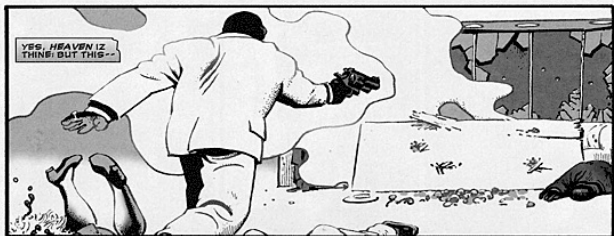


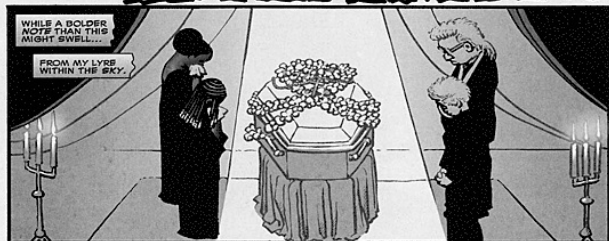
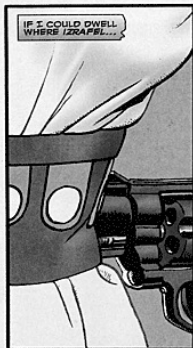














Israfel

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfel's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
Where the Houris glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfel, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

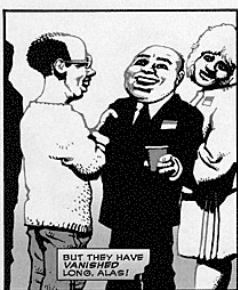
If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

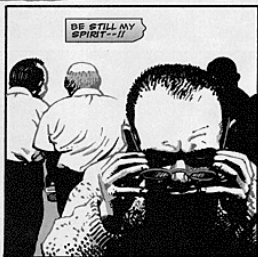
— *Edgar Allan Poe*



THE HAPPIEST DAY

YOUR FAVORITE HOMEROOM HOOLIGANS, REUNITED IN HORROR:
POE, DAHL, CORBEN, AND VC'S GENT





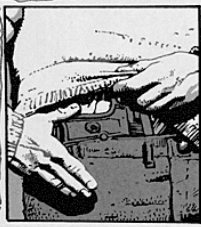


THE HAPPIEST
DAY--THE
HAPPIEST HOUR...



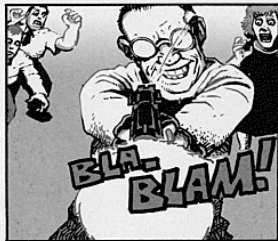
THE BRIGHTEST
GLANCE OF PRIDE
AND POWER...



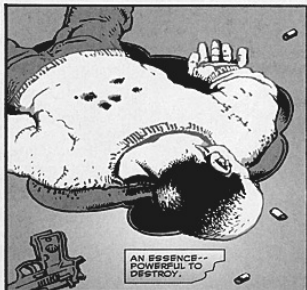
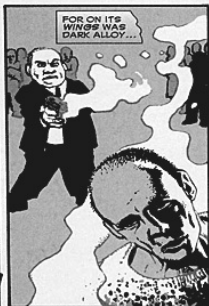




BANG!









Happiest Day

I

The happiest day—the happiest hour
My seared and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.

II

Of power! said I? Yes! such I ween
But they have vanished long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been—
But let them pass.

III

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may ev'n inherit
The venom thou hast poured on me—
Be still my spirit!

IV

The happiest day—the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel have been:

V

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offered with the pain
Ev'n *then* I felt—that brightest hour
I would not live again:

VI

For on its wings was dark alloy
And as it fluttered—fell
An essence—powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

— *Edgar Allan Poe*

SHE WAS MY
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT,
MY FINEST
PROJECT!

SHE COULD HAVE
BEEN A MODEL
OR A CORPORATE
SPOKESPERSON...

A SHOWGIRL
OR CABLE
NEWSCASTER
OR EVEN
AN ACTRESS!

SO RADIANTLY
PERFECT THE
TEETH I TOILED
ON, HER BEAUTY
COULD COMMAND
ANY OF THOSE
LOFTY POSITIONS!

IN THE END,
SHE TOOK THE
JOB AS A MERE
WAITRESS!

DID I MENTION
WE WERE
COUSINS?
WE WERE...!

HER
NAME
WAS...



BERENICE

SUBLIME HORROR BROUGHT TO YOU BY
POE, MARGOPOULOS, CORBEN AND VC'S GENTILE
HERE'S A TALE YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO! GUARANTEED YOU'LL BE SALIVATING FOR MORE...!



I WAS THE WILLING SLAVE
TO HER MOLARS, INCISORS
AND BICUSPIDS! A DENTAL
KNIGHT-ERRANT...

PROTECTING THE
DAMEL FROM THE
TWIN RAVAGING
DRAGON'S GINGIVITIS
AND PERIODONTITIS!



IT WAS MY DEVOTED
DUTY TO MAKE BERENICE'S
IMMACULATE SMILE TEN
GREATER THAN NATURE
HAD INTENDED...

...AN ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE
TASK, ONE WHICH
I ACCOMPLISHED
WITHOUT COMPLAINT
OR PROPER
RECOMPENSE!



THEN SOMETHING
OCCURRED, A
HAPPENSTANCE
THAT INVARIABLY
PROVED TO BE
MY PERSONAL
DOWNFALL!

I SUDDENLY REALIZED
THAT, WHILE COMPLETELY
ABSORBED IN THE
CAVERNOUS EXPANSE
OF HER GAPING
ORIFICE--

MY ELBOW HAD STRAYED
AND WAS NOW RESTING
UPON THE ANPLE ORB
OF ONE BREAST!

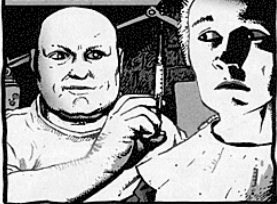


RATHER THAN REMOVE
THE OFFENDING ARM,
I PRESSED ON...BARELY
ABLE TO CONTAIN THE
NEWFOUND EXCITEMENT
DERIVED FROM THE
LABOR I SO DEARLY
LOVED!



BERENICE SEEMED OBVIOUS TO MY DUAL ADDICTIONS: THE SACRED DEVOTION TO HER DENTITION, AND THE LUST FOR HER PLUMP BODY!

I RESORTED TO INJECTING HER WITH DRUG COCKTAILS OF PROGRESSIVELY MORE POTENT STRENGTHS THAT KEPT HER UNDER AND UNAWARE!



SHE WHO HAD BEEN THE ADORED OBJECT OF MY ORAL MINISTRATIONS NOW BECAME THE TARGET OF MY DAREST DESIRES...

...A MERE CARNAL PLAYTHING, AN INSENGATE FORM I COULD POST MYSELF UPON!



THEN THE BEATIFIC BERENICE DIED... FROM A DRUG OVERDOSE, AN OVERDOSE INDUCED BY ME, CLIMAXING MY CRIMS!

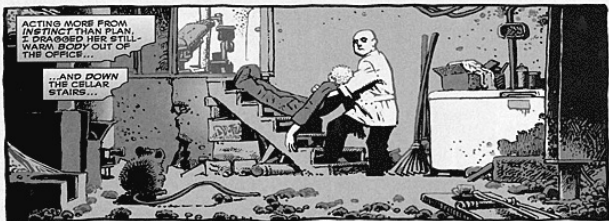
LIKE SOME UNEARTHLY CHESHIRE CAT, SHE SNARLED, GRINNED AT ME!



I RETREATED, BACK TO THE WALL, AFRAID TO BREATHE... AS I STARED DEEP INTO HER, UNSEING EYES AND CEASELESS SMILE!

FOR PROLONGED MINUTES I REMAINED THUS, FIXED TO THE SPOT, ROOTED TO THE FLOOR, UNABLE TO EVEN THINK!





THE TEETH!
THE TEETH--!!

THEY WERE HERE
AND THERE AND
EVERYWHERE...



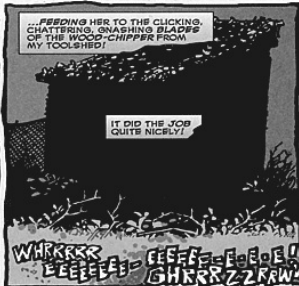
FOR ENDLESS WEEKS,
IN THE DISORDERED
CHAMBER OF
MY BRAIN, THE
PERSECUTING IMAGES
PERSISTED!

TO EXPIUNGE HER ACCURSED ORIFICE
FROM THE SHATTERED REMNANTS OF
MY MIND, IT WAS REQUIRED I DIVEST
MYSELF OF HER BODY.



I CARRIED THE CORPSE OUT INTO
THE BACKYARD ONE FORLORN,
MOONLESS NIGHT...

...FEEDING HER TO THE CLICKING,
CHATTERING, GNASHING BLADES
OF THE WOOD-CHIPPER FROM
MY TOOLSHED!



IT DID THE JOB
QUITE NICELY!

WHRRRR
EEEEEE-EEEE-EEEE
GHRRR ZZRRWW!

WORKING WITH RAPID EFFICIENCY,
I RAKED UP THE INFINITESIMAL
REMAINS OF BERNICE...



...AND BAGGED HER TO
BE CARTED OFF WITH
THE REST OF THE
MORNING'S TRASH!

THAT NIGHT UPON RETIRING,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER KILLING
THE LIGHTS, THE CHOWING
AND UNDULATING VISION
APPEARED YET AGAIN!

I WAS TO BE HELD
FOREVER HOSTAGE
TO THE APPARITION
OF BERENICE!
AT THAT STARK
REALIZATION,
SOMETHING
DEEP WITHIN
MY SOUL SLAMMED
AND SUDDENLY...

SNAPPED!

WHEN I REGAINED MY
SENSSES, I FOUND MYSELF
ON THE EDGE OF THE BED,
JUMBLED AND CONFUSED
IMAGES OF A DISTURBING
DREAM ASWIRL IN MY HEAD!

MY SLEEPING ATTIRE
WAS SOILED AND
TORN. MY BARE
FEET, SCRATCHED
AND FILTHY!

OF THE EVENTS THAT
HAD PRODUCED
SUCH A STATE, I HAD
NO REMEMBRANCE!

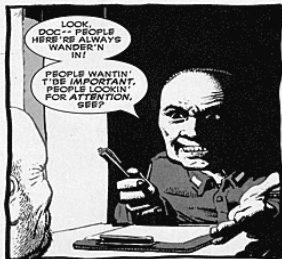
THREE DAYS HENCE,
A PACKAGE ARRIVED!
THE RETURN ADDRESS
WAS BUT ONE WORD:
BERENICE!

TO MOCK ME, SHE
EVEN WROTE IT IN
WHAT SEEMED TO
BE MY OWN HAND!

I GOGGED! I ACTUALLY
GOGGED! FOR I KNEW THEN
THAT, EVEN AWAKE AND FULLY
CONSCIOUS, I WOULD NEVER
ESCAPE THE ALABASTER
ALBATROSS OF HER
DAMNING SMILE...

CLUC-
CLUC-
CLUC-
CLUC!







Dicebant mihi sodales, si sepulchrum amicæ visitarem, curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas.

—EBN ZAIAT

MISERY IS MANIFOLD. The wretchedness of earth is multiform. Overreaching the wide horizon as the rainbow, its hues are as various as the hues of that arch—as distinct too, yet as intimately blended. Overreaching the wide horizon as the rainbow! How is it that from beauty I have derived a type of unloveliness?—from the covenant of peace a simile of sorrow? But, as in ethics, evil is a consequence of good, so, in fact, out of joy is sorrow born. Either the memory of past bliss is the anguish of to-day, or the agonies which are have their origin in the ecstasies which *might have been*.

My baptismal name is Egæus; that of my family I will not mention. Yet there are no towers in the land more time-honored than my gloomy, gray, hereditary halls. Our line has been called a race of visionaries; and in many striking particulars—in the character of the family mansion—in the frescos of the chief saloon—in the tapestries of the dormitories—in the chiselling of some buttresses in the armory—but more especially in the gallery of antique paintings—in the fashion of the library chamber—and, lastly, in the very peculiar nature of the library's contents—there is more than sufficient evidence to warrant the belief.

The recollections of my earliest years are connected with that chamber, and with its volumes—of which latter I will say no more. Here died my mother. Herein was I born. But it is mere idleness to say that I had not lived before—that the soul has no previous existence. You deny it?—let us not argue the matter. Convinced myself, I seek not to convince. There is, however, a remembrance of ærial forms—of spiritual and meaning eyes—of sounds, musical yet sad; a remembrance which will not be excluded; a memory like a shadow—vague, variable, indefinite, unsteady; and like a shadow, too, in the impossibility of my getting rid of it while the sunlight of my reason shall exist.

In that chamber was I born. Thus awaking from the long night of what seemed, but was not, nonentity, at once into the very regions of fairy land—into a palace of imagination—into the wild dominions of monastic thought and erudition—it is not singular that I gazed around me with a startled and ardent eye—that I loitered away my boyhood in books, and dissipated my youth in reverie; but it *is* singular, that as years rolled away, and the noon of manhood found me still in the mansion of my fathers—it is wonderful what a stagnation there fell upon the springs of my life—wonderful how total an inversion took place in the character of my commonest thought. The realities of the world affected me as visions, and as visions only, while the wild ideas of the land of dreams became, in turn, not the material of my every-day existence, but in very deed that existence utterly and solely in itself.

* * *

BERENICE AND I were cousins, and we grew up together in my paternal halls. Yet differently we grew—I, ill of health, and buried in gloom—she, agile, graceful, and overflowing with energy; hers the ramble on the hillside—mine, the studies of the cloister; I, living within my own heart, and addicted, body and soul, to the most intense and painful meditation—she, roaming carelessly through life, with no thought of the shadows in her path, or the silent flight

of the raven-winged hours. Berenice!—I call upon her name—Berenice!—and from the gray ruins of memory a thousand tumultuous recollections are startled at the sound! Ah, vividly is her image before me now, as in the early days of her light-heartedness and joy! Oh, gorgeous yet fantastic beauty! Oh, sylph amid the shrubberies of Arnheim!—Oh, Naiad among its fountains! And then—all is mystery and terror, and a tale which should not be told. Disease—a fatal disease, fell like the simoon upon her frame; and even, while I gazed upon her, the spirit of change swept over her, pervading her mind, her habits, and her character, and, in a manner the most subtle and terrible, disturbing even the identity of her person! Alas! the destroyer came and went!—and the victim—where is she? I knew her not—or knew her no longer as Berenice!

Among the numerous train of maladies superinduced by that fatal and primary one which effected a revolution of so horrible a kind in the moral and physical being of my cousin, may be mentioned as the most distressing and obstinate in its nature, a species of epilepsy not unfrequently terminating in *trance* itself—trance very nearly resembling positive dissolution, and from which her manner of recovery was, in most instances, startlingly abrupt. In the meantime, my own disease—for I have been told that I should call it by no other appellation—my own disease, then, grew rapidly upon me, and assumed finally a monomaniac character of a novel and extraordinary form—hourly and momentarily gaining vigor—and at length obtaining over me the most incomprehensible ascendancy. This monomania, if I must so term it, consisted in a morbid irritability of those properties of the mind in metaphysical science termed the *attentive*. It is more than probable that I am not understood; but I fear, indeed, that it is in no manner possible to convey to the mind of the merely general reader, an adequate idea of that nervous *intensity of interest* with which, in my case, the powers of meditation (not to speak technically) busied and buried themselves, in the contemplation of even the most ordinary objects of the universe.

To muse for long unwearied hours, with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin, or in the topography of a book; to become absorbed, for the better part of a summer's day, in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry or upon the floor; to lose myself, for an entire night, in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat, monotonously, some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by means of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in: such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to any thing like analysis or explanation.

Yet let me not be misapprehended. The undue, earnest, and morbid attention thus excited by objects in their own nature frivolous, must not be confounded in character with that ruminating propensity common to all mankind, and more especially indulged in by persons of ardent imagination. It was not even, as might be at first supposed, an extreme condition, or exaggeration of such propensity, but primarily and essentially distinct and different. In the one instance, the dreamer, or enthusiast, being interested by an object usually *not* frivolous, imperceptibly loses sight of this object in a wilderness of deductions and suggestions issuing therefrom, until, at the conclusion of a day-dream *often replete with luxury*, he finds the *incitement*, or first cause of his musings, entirely vanished and forgotten. In my case, the primary object was *invariably frivolous*, although assuming, through the medium of my distempered vision, a refracted and unreal importance. Few deductions, if any, were made; and those few pertinaciously returning in upon the original object as a centre. The meditations were *never* pleasurable; and at the termination of the reverie, the first cause, so far from being out of sight, had attained that supernaturally exaggerated interest which was the prevailing feature of the disease. In a word, the powers of mind more particularly exercised were, with me, as I have said before, the *attentive*, and are, with the day-dreamer, the *speculative*.

My books, at this epoch, if they did not actually serve to irritate the disorder, partook, it will be perceived, largely, in their imaginative and inconsequential nature, of the characteristic qualities of the disorder itself. I well remember, among others, the treatise of the noble Italian, Coelius Secundus Curio, "*De Amplitudine Beati Regni Dei*"; St. Austin's great work, "*The City of God*"; and Tertullian's "*De Carne Christi*," in which the paradoxical sentence, "*Mortuus est Dei filius; credibile est quia ineptum est; et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile est*," occupied my undivided time, for many weeks of laborious and fruitless investigation.

Thus it will appear that, shaken from its balance only by trivial things, my reason bore resemblance to that ocean-crag spoken of by Ptolemy Hephestion, which steadily resisting the attacks of human violence, and the fiercer fury of the waters and the winds, trembled only to the touch of the flower called Asphodel. And although, to a careless thinker, it might appear a matter beyond doubt, that the alteration produced by her unhappy malady, in the moral condition of Berenice, would afford me many objects for the exercise of that intense and abnormal meditation whose nature I have been at some trouble in explaining, yet such was not in any degree the case. In the lucid intervals of my infirmity, her calamity, indeed, gave me pain, and, taking deeply to heart that total wreck of her fair and gentle life, I did not fail to ponder, frequently and bitterly, upon the wonder-working means by which so strange a revolution had been so suddenly brought to pass. But these reflections partook not of the idiosyncrasy of my disease, and were such as would have occurred, under similar circumstances, to the ordinary mass of mankind. True to its own character, my disorder revelled in the less important but more startling changes wrought in the *physical* frame of Berenice—in the singular and most appalling distortion of her personal identity.

During the brightest days of her unparalleled beauty, most surely I had never loved her. In the strange anomaly of my existence, feelings with me, *had never been* of the heart, and my passions *always* were of the mind. Through the gray of the early morning—among the trellised shadows of the forest at noonday—and in the silence of my library at night—she had flitted by my eyes, and I had seen her—not as the living and breathing Berenice, but as the Berenice of a dream; not as a being of the earth, earthy, but as the abstraction of such a being; not as a thing to admire, but to analyze; not as an object of love, but as the theme of the most abstruse although desultory speculation. And *now*—now I shuddered in her presence, and grew pale at her approach; yet, bitterly lamenting her fallen and desolate condition, I called to mind that she had loved me long, and, in an evil moment, I spoke to her of marriage.

And at length the period of our nuptials was approaching, when, upon an afternoon in the winter of the year—one of those unseasonably warm, calm, and misty days which are the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon¹,—I sat, (and sat, as I thought, alone,) in the inner apartment of the library. But, uplifting my eyes, I saw that Berenice stood before me.

Was it my own excited imagination—or the misty influence of the atmosphere—or the uncertain twilight of the chamber—or the gray draperies which fell around her figure—that caused in it so vacillating and indistinct an outline? I could not tell. She spoke no word; and I—not for worlds could I have uttered a syllable. An icy chill ran through my frame; a sense of insufferable anxiety oppressed me; a consuming curiosity pervaded my soul; and, sinking back upon the chair, I remained for some time breathless and motionless, with my eyes riveted upon her person. Alas! its emaciation was excessive, and not one vestige of the former being lurked in any single line of the contour. My burning glances at length fell upon the face.

1. For as love, during the winter season, gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and temperate time the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon.—Simonides.

The forehead was high, and very pale, and singularly placid; and the once jetty hair fell partially over it, and overshadowed the hollow temples with innumerable ringlets, now of a vivid yellow, and jarring discordantly, in their fantastic character, with the reigning melancholy of the countenance. The eyes were lifeless, and lustreless, and seemingly pupilless, and I shrank involuntarily from their glassy stare to the contemplation of the thin and shrunken lips. They parted; and in a smile of peculiar meaning, *the teeth* of the changed Berenice disclosed themselves slowly to my view. Would to God that I had never beheld them, or that, having done so, I had died!

* * *

THE SHUTTING OF A DOOR disturbed me, and looking up, I found that my cousin had departed from the chamber. But from the disordered chamber of my brain, had not, alas! departed, and would not be driven away, the white and ghastly *spectrum* of the teeth. Not a speck on their surface—not a shade on their enamel—not an indenture in their edges—but what that brief period of her smile had sufficed to brand in upon my memory. I saw them *now* even more unequivocally than I beheld them *then*. The teeth!—the teeth!—they were here, and there, and everywhere, and visibly and palpably before me; long, narrow, and excessively white, with the pale lips writhing about them, as in the very moment of their first terrible development. Then came the full fury of my *monomania*, and I struggled in vain against its strange and irresistible influence. In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. For these I longed with a frenzied desire. All other matters and all different interests became absorbed in their single contemplation. They—they alone were present to the mental eye, and they, in their sole individuality, became the essence of my mental life. I held them in every light. I turned them in every attitude. I surveyed their characteristics. I dwelt upon their peculiarities. I pondered upon their conformation. I mused upon the alteration in their nature. I shuddered as I assigned to them, in imagination, a sensitive and sentient power, and, even when unassisted by the lips, a capability of moral expression. Of Mademoiselle Salle it has been well said: “*Que tous ses pas étaient des sentiments,*” and of Berenice I more seriously believed *que tous ses dents étaient des idées*. *Des idées!*—ah, *therefore* was the idiotic thought that destroyed me! *Des idées!*—ah, *therefore* it was that I coveted them so madly! I felt that their possession could alone ever restore me to peace, in giving me back to reason.

And the evening closed in upon me thus—and then the darkness came, and tarried, and went—and the day again dawned—and the mists of a second night were now gathering around—and still I sat motionless in that solitary room—and still I sat buried in meditation—and still the *phantasma* of the teeth maintained its terrible ascendancy, as, with the most vivid hideous distinctness, it floated about amid the changing lights and shadows of the chamber. At length there broke in upon my dreams a cry as of horror and dismay; and thereunto, after a pause, succeeded the sound of troubled voices, intermingled with many low moanings of sorrow or of pain. I arose from my seat, and throwing open one of the doors of the library, saw standing out in the antechamber a servant maiden, all in tears, who told me that Berenice was—no more! She had been seized with epilepsy in the early morning, and now, at the closing in of the night, the grave was ready for its tenant, and all the preparations for the burial were completed.

* * *

I FOUND MYSELF SITTING in the library, and again sitting there alone. It seemed to me that I had newly awakened from a confused and exciting dream. I knew that it was now midnight, and I was well aware, that since the setting of the sun, Berenice had been interred. But of that dreary period which intervened I had no positive, at least no definite, comprehension. Yet

its memory was replete with horror—horror more horrible from being vague, and terror more terrible from ambiguity. It was a fearful page in the record my existence, written all over with dim, and hideous, and unintelligible recollections. I strived to decipher them, but in vain; while ever and anon, like the spirit of a departed sound, the shrill and piercing shriek of a female voice seemed to be ringing in my ears. I had done a deed—what was it? I asked myself the question aloud, and the whispering echoes of the chamber answered me—“What was it?”

On the table beside me burned a lamp, and near it lay a little box. It was of no remarkable character, and I had seen it frequently before, for it was the property of the family physician; but how came it *there*, upon my table, and why did I shudder in regarding it? These things were in no manner to be accounted for, and my eyes at length dropped to the open pages of a book, and to a sentence underscored therein. The words were the singular but simple ones of the poet Ebn Zaiat:—“*Dicebant mihi sodales si sepulchrum amicæ visitarem, curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas.*” Why then, as I perused them, did the hairs of my head erect themselves on end, and the blood of my body become congealed within my veins?

There came a light tap at the library door—and, pale as the tenant of a tomb, a menial entered upon tiptoe. His looks were wild with terror, and he spoke to me in a voice tremulous, husky, and very low. What said he?—some broken sentences I heard. He told of a wild cry disturbing the silence of the night—of the gathering together of the household—of a search in the direction of the sound; and then his tones grew thrillingly distinct as he whispered me of a violated grave—of a disfigured body enshrouded, yet still breathing—still palpitating—*still alive!*

He pointed to garments; they were muddy and clotted with gore. I spoke not, and he took me gently by the hand: it was indented with the impress of human nails. He directed my attention to some object against the wall. I looked at it for some minutes: it was a spade. With a shriek I bounded to the table, and grasped the box that lay upon it. But I could not force it open; and, in my tremor, it slipped from my hands, and fell heavily, and burst into pieces; and from it, with a rattling sound, there rolled out some instruments of dental surgery, intermingled with thirty-two small, white, and ivory-looking substances that were scattered to and fro about the floor.

— $E_{\text{agar}}^{\text{I}}$ $\Lambda_{\text{lan}}^{\text{II}}$ P_{oc}



HAUNT OF HORROR #3 COVER SKETCHES by Richard Corben

